

# THE AMARANTH.

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NO. IX.

## EULOGY,

Pronounced on the characters of Companions Taylor, Myers, Cuttino, and Green, late members of the Royal Arch Chapter at Georgetown, S. C. By Com. A. B. Shackelford.

COMPANIONS,—The sword of a strong arm has fallen upon us, and a link is severed from the chain. A pestilence has marched across our borders, with power to blight the buds, and wither the branches of the evergreen, which Hope would fain have planted within the recess of our Sanctuary. Wake up your sleeping Centinel, and ask him whence came this encroachment! Have the wings of the wind borne the poison from the breath of our tall enemies in Russia, in Spain, in Portugal, in Italy? Or has the Pope himself, whose eye of late, discerns no beauty in our Order, has he dared to intrude upon the Tabernacle, and disturb the incense that burns upon our Holy Altar? Companions, none of these. The name of our Adversary is written in the Book of the Law—the *Book of the Law*! He comes; and wisdom, strength, and beauty, crumble, shrink, and fade before him.

Had man continued perfect, then had there been no law, no penalty, no death for him. All society is full of evil. Corruption feeds upon the heart of man, and insidiously creeps into the midst of those who meet only to do good. We cannot shake off the impurity; we cannot escape the foul intrusion; the loveliness of innocence has passed from our image; the deformity of Adam descends upon us, to efface the beauty of holiness; and thus sayeth the Book of the Law, "what man is he that liveth, and shall not see death?"

Companions—You will forgive me while I confess to our friends, not of the Fraternity, while I pronounce unto the whole world, that the profession whereby we are this day known, is neither a perfect shield against temptations to do evil, nor a shelter impervious to the storms of trouble. There is no magic in Masonry, whereby we can purify the heart of an individual Brother, or protect the sanctity of

the Lodge itself, from the profane intrusion of some that are unworthy. Perfection belongs not to the earth; and, while the world looks with jealousy upon the conduct of the Institution, it should not be overscrupulous to mark the black spots, that float upon the surface; for believe me, my friends, there is a spirit in the soul of Masonry, that is fruitful as the rod of Aaron, and precious as the waters from the Rock of Horeb.

The purest fountain, one where innocence may bathe her spotless hands, or sip salubrious refreshment, may, in its course, grow turbid, and produce a current "muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty." The stream flows on, nor can the dews that fall from Heaven, or the torrents that shower from the clouds, correct and chasten its corruption. If Nature then, like an unskilful painter, thus seems to have deformed her loveliest designs, how can we expect that man, imperfect man, himself a creature, and himself deformed, shall plant in the earth a twig, and say that it shall bring forth only wholesome fruit? The antiquity of our Society, its long duration, and present prosperous condition, are evidences to the thinking world, that there is something good in Masonry; and if a little counter to the scripture precept, "we hide our light beneath a bushel," we feel redeemed from the offence, inasmuch as we pursue another scripture, and "practise charity without ostentation."

To subdue hostility, and make man love his brother; to suppress selfishness, and make him that is able, help him that is poor; to instruct the mind, and to improve the heart, and cause man to ascribe "*Holiness to the Lord*," are the legitimate objects of Masonry. To attempt these things, were idle, without the aid of that hand which was manifested in the building of the Temple, locking up the fountains of the clouds that the rain should not impede the workmen.—That Power, which, when the Temple was consumed, suffered not the fire to approach the *Holy Ark*, and profane its treasures, but preserved for us a law and a light. Yes, Companions, Most Excellent Masters, a law to direct the work of our hands, and a light, before which the Children of Israel bowed their faces to the ground, and said, "*He is good, for His mercy endureth forever!*"

Great Fountain of all Light, scatter with thy rays the darkness that yet lingers around us. Be a lamp unto our feet, that we may walk according to the Law. With an holy fire purify the Lodge, and enlighten it with thy countenance, Omnipotent Jehovah.

If the unerring hand of that Great Being sees fit to crush the work which it created, let not man impugn his wisdom. If, Companions, in scattering chastisements, a drop of bitterness fall from that hand,

on us, let us bow our faces to the ground, and invoke that mercy which endures forever. Our Temple is clad in mourning. As the *Widow's Son* was dead, and his body committed to the dust of the brow of the mountain, even so have we interred within the bosom of this church-yard, our late Companion. The sod that fell upon his coffin, is yet damp; the tear that bedewed the eye of friendship, is not wiped away; and we have met, to plant the *sprig of cassia*, and to speak of him as he was.

If there was one man more earnest than the rest, to promote the purity, the beauty, and the whole interest of our Order; if there was one man, who revered and practised her precepts, and feared to offend her laws, that man was *Taylor*. His delight, his rapture in the mysteries, were manifested in his eager advancement from the trowel of an Apprentice, to the sword of a Knight Templar. He went on from one degree unto another, zealous in pursuit of the fountain of that light, which with increasing brilliancy, continually burst upon his view. The moral and intellectual character of his mind, was such, as would peculiarly relish the luxuries that met him on his way; and, as his native taste enabled him at once to participate in the whole pleasure, so the strictness of his morals enabled him to perform the whole duty of a Mason. In truth, Companions, he was an honor and an ornament to our Chapter. But he belonged not exclusively to us. He owed allegiance to a larger society, and his services were for his country.

Eminently distinguished in the profession of the Law; having by unceasing industry become learned in all her wisdom, and familiar with her subtleties, and acquainted with her imperfections, he had been called on by the people to represent, protect, and advance their common interest, in the grand council of the state. Faithful, and diligent, and successful in the practice of his profession, he had established a reputation, upon which a large portion of this community were wont to lean, as on a strong column. His zeal, his enthusiasm for his cause and client, may sometimes have disturbed the usual mildness of his manner; the energy of excited feeling may sometimes have led him to touch his picture with a bold and daring brush; but Taylor was not unwilling to correct an error, or slow to heal the wound, which in battle he found it his duty to inflict. His seat at the Bar is vacant; his name is blotted from the docket; but it is entered in the Book of the Courts of Heaven, which the hand of Death has not the power to open; and that Record shall endure forever. \* \* \* \* Companions, "*the stone that was lost, must*

*be found ;*" and when the earthly house of this Tabernacle shall be dissolved, we hope to find it in " that building, not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens."

Within a very little space of time, your hands have more than once committed to the coffin and the grave, a valuable member of your body. I cannot fail to bring before your memory, a young man, on whose cheek sat a promise of long health, and whose manly form seemed built to bear the weight of many years. One that was but newly initiated into a membership with the Masons, but whose amiable character made him dear to the Fraternity. One who gave early and abundant token, that his future life would be prosperous to himself, and useful to Society. I cannot be misunderstood—I speak of *Cuttino*—"The grave is now his house, and his bed is made in darkness."

Nor does the history of our calamity stop here. A distant grave withholds from our view a familiar and esteemed Companion. The frost of the winter shall come, and health shall return to our climate, "but he shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more." The gentle suavity of his amiable manners, shall no longer entice our affections, and lead us to gather around him. His intelligence shall not again invite and captivate the attentive ear, nor shall the dignified terror of his honorable character, excite our further admiration. Well may this community offer their tribute of lamentation, to the memory of *Jacob Myers*. What man was so punctual in his transactions, so faithful to perform a promise? Who so correct in all his conduct, who so winning in his deportment, so mild and affable in his address, and so cautious not to give offence to any man? Who so willing to oblige his neighbour, or loth to ask a favor for himself? Correct in his sentiments, exemplary in his conduct, useful in society, and faithful to his friend, the memory of that man shall be cherished, so long as we shall love to look at what is beautiful in virtue.

Companions, gladly would I here conclude the melancholy catalogue; but the tale is not fully told. You cannot but remember one "who was a stranger, and you took him in." A gentleman who came here, to be serviceable to your little children, in teaching "the young idea how to shoot." A pious gentleman, whose endeavors were to support an aged, poor and absent mother, while he improved himself to preach the gospel of the Christians.—A man of noble nature, a scholar, and a most enthusiastic Mason.—Alas! poor *Green*! He was prepared to join in the solemnities of this very day, and manifest his sorrow for the death of others.—



The apron which he used to honor, is not seen among you. His trowel is idle, for the workman is at rest. Peace to his ashes, Heaven for his soul :

“ Weep no more, in peace they sleep,  
All their toils and cares are o'er ;  
'Tis our eyes alone that weep,  
Theirs are closed to ope no more.”

Companions, “ the last offices paid to the dead, are useful only as lectures to the living.” The beautiful Cedars of Lebanon, were cut down, but not left to decay upon the surface of the earth. At *Joppa* they were fashioned by the hand of the Artist, for noble and glorious purposes, in the building of a Temple, to the honor of the Most High. So shall we be cut down, but not to lie forever in the earth ; and, when brought up *for inspection*, if the work be *square*, a place shall be assigned us in that building high in the Heavens.— Let us then *mark well* the impediments that meet us in the rough and rugged path of life ; let us hold fast to the hand, *that leads the blind by a way which they know not* ; let us listen to the voice of that *sacred word*, which we were taught to *search and keep* ; that word which came to the Shepherd of Jethro, *from the bush that was burned and not consumed* ; and, when we shall have passed through the veils of the Tabernacle, we shall be worthy to appear beneath the *Holy Arch* in the presence of the *Grand Council*, then shall our work be *approved*, and we shall receive our wages.

#### HYMN—PREPARED FOR THE OCCASION.

Tune—*German Hymn.*

Shrubs of loveliest perfume,  
Bud and blossom o'er their tomb.  
Nor 'mid nature's sad decay,  
Let thy beauties fade away.

Holy be the peaceful shade,  
By thy verdant branches made ;  
O'er the Mason's sacred bed,  
Pious fragrance ever shed.

Let the drops that fall from thee,  
Like Hermon's dew, refreshing be,  
Nor let the envious frost pollute  
The ripeness of **THY** precious fruit.

And when *Autumn* shall intrude  
On thy peaceful solitude,  
*Spring*, with magic hand, shall shed  
Drops that will revive the dead.

## DECEMBER.

By James Grahame.

Where late the wild flower bloomed, the brown leaf lies ;  
 Not even the snow-drop cheers the dreary plain :  
 The famished birds forsake each leafless spray,  
 And flock around the barn-yard's winnowing store.

Season of social mirth ! of fireside joys !  
 I love thy shortened day, when, at its close,  
 The blazing tapers, on the jovial board,  
 Dispense o'er every care-forgetting face  
 Their cheering light, and round the bottle glides.  
 Now far be banished, from our social ring,  
 The party wrangle fierce, the argument  
 Deep, learned, metaphysical, and dull,  
 Oft dropt, as oft again renewed, endless :  
 Rather I'd hear stories twice ten times told,  
 Or rapid joke, filched from Joe Miller's page,  
 Or tale of ghost, hobgoblin dire, or witch ;  
 Nor would I, with a proud fastidious frown,  
 Proscribe the laugh-provoking pun : absurd  
 Though't be, far-fetched, and hard to be discerned,  
 It serves the purpose, if it shake our sides.  
 Now let the circling wine inspire the song,  
 The catch, the glee ; or list the melting lays  
 Of Scotia's pastoral vales,—they ever please.

Loud blows the blast ; while, sheltered from its rage,  
 The social circle feel their joys enhanced.  
 Ah, little think they of the storm-tossed ship,  
 Amid the uproar of the winds and waves,  
 The waves unseen, save by the lightning's glare,  
 Or cannon's flash, sad signal of distress.  
 The trembling crew each moment think they feel  
 The shock of sunken rock ;—at last they strike :  
 Borne on the blast, their dying voices reach,  
 Faintly, the sea-girt hamlet ; help is vain :  
 The morning light discloses to the view  
 The mast, alternate seen and hid, as sinks  
 Or heaves the surge. The early village maid  
 Turns pale, like clouds when o'er the moon they glide ;  
 She thinks of her true love, far, far at sea ;  
 Mournful, the live long day she turns her wheel,  
 And ever and anon her head she bends,  
 While with the flax she dries the trickling tear.

### ANCIENT DOCUMENT—SCOTLAND.

In our last number, (page 250,) we gave a short sketch of the history of Masonry in Scotland, in which mention was made of a Charter granted to William St. Clair, of Roslin, Esq. appointing him Grand Master of Masons, for the "realme of Scotland." This document we have thought worth transferring to our pages, both as a curiosity and a matter of history.

#### CHARTER

*Granted by the Masons of Scotland to Wm. St Clair, of Roslin.*

From Hay's mss. in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.

"Be it kend till all men, be thir p'nt letters, we deacons, maistres, and freemen of the masons, within the realme of Scotland, with express consent and assent of William Shaw, master of work, to our Soveraine Lord, for sa meikle as from adge to adge it has been observed amongst us, that the lairds of Roslin has ever been patrons, and protectors of us and our priviledges; likeas, our predecessors has obey'd and acknowledged them, as patrons and protectors, while that, within thir few years, throw negligence and slothfulness, the samyn has past furth of us, whereby, not only has the laird of Roslin been out of his just right, but also our hail craft has been destitute of ane patron, and protector, and overseer, which has engendered many false corruptions and imperfections, both amongst ourselves, and in our craft, and has given occasion to many persons to conceive evel amongst us and our craft, and to leive off great enterprises of policie be reason of our great misbehaviour without correction, whereby not only the committers of the faults, but also the honest men are disappointed of their craft and profit:—As likewais when divers and sundrie controversies falls out amongst ourselves, their follows great and manifold inconveniences through want of ane patron and protector; we not being able to waite upon the ordinar judges and judgement of this realme, through the occasione of our povertie and longsomenes of process, for remied whereof, and for keeping of good order amongst us in all time coming, and for advancement of our craft and vocatione within this realme, and furthering of policie within the saymn, We, for ourselves, and in name of our hail brethering and craftsmen, with consent foresaid, agrees and consents, that William Saint Clair, now of Roslin, for

himself and for his heirs, purchase and obtain, att the hands of our Sovereigne Lords libertie, freedome, and jurisdictione upon us, and our successors, in all times coming, as patrons and judges to us, and the several professors of our craft within this realme, whom off we have power and commission sua that hereafter we may acknowledge him and his heirs, as our patrons and judges, under our Sovereigne Lord without any kind of appellation on declyning from his judgement, with power to the said William and his heirs, to deputt judges, ane or maire under him, and to use sick ample and large jurisdiction upon us, and our successors, as well as brugh as land, as it shall please our Sovereigne Lord to grant him and his heirs, *sic subscribitur*, William Shaw, master of work, Thomas Weir, master in Edinburgh, Thomas Robertson, wardine of the lodge of Dumfermyne and St. Andrews, and taking burden upon him for his brethrene of the mason craft within the lodges, and for the commissioners before mentioned, viz. David Skougall, Alexander Gilbert, and David Spens, for the lodge of St. Andrews, Andrew Allison and Archibald Angone, commissiounars for the lodge of Dumfermyne, and Robert Baillie, for the lodge of Haddington, with our hands laid on the pen be the notar underwritten att our commands, because we could not wreate. Ita est, Laurentius Robertsone, natarius publicus, ad præmissa requisitus de specialibus mandatis dictarum personarum scribere nescientium ut aparuerunt teste manu mea propria

Ita est Henricus Banatyne co'notarius ad premissa de mandatis antedict. person. scribere nescientium ut aparuerunt teste manu mea chyrographo, Wallace Andrew Sympson, John Robertson, S. Andrews, Haddington, P. Campbell, Will. Aytone, Aitchison's Heaven, George Altone, John Kusserver, Thos. Pitteriew, Dumfermel-ing, Robt. Peires."

There is no date attached to this Charter ; but it must have been given prior to the year 1630 ; that being the date of the remaining Charter found among Hay's manuscripts, and which seems to be little more than a confirmation of the powers granted in this.—*Ed.*



## WILLIAM ST. CLAIR, ESQ.

This eminent Mason died at the Roslin mansion, on the 24th of January 1778, at the age of 78 years. The loss of a man so amiable and a mason so zealous, was severely felt, both by community and the fraternity of which he was an honorable member. As an evidence of the high estimation in which he was held by the masons of Scotland, and of their deep regret for his loss, the Grand Master ordered a funeral lodge to be held. Above four hundred of the brethren, dressed in deep mourning, having assembled on that occasion, Sir William Forbes, Bart. as Grand Master, delivered the following

## FUNERAL ORATION.

*Right Worshipful Masters, W. Wardens, and worthy Brethren :*

I should have been greatly wanting in my duty, had I not called you together on so solemn an occasion as the death of our late Most Worshipful Grand Master and worthy brother St. Clair of Roslin, to whom our craft lies under very high and peculiar obligations.

Funeral orations are but too often perverted from their proper purposes ; and, instead of exhibiting faithful portraits of departed merit, are prostituted to the arts of pompous declamation and unmeaning panegyric. It would be no very difficult task for one in this manner to ring charges on a set of well-sounding words, and to make a display of all the epithets, and all the virtues, that can adorn a human character. But this would neither do honor to my audience, nor to myself ; far less to the person whose death we now meet to commemorate. As something, however, is probably expected from me, in the office which I have now the honour to fill, I shall beg leave to lead your attention for a few minutes, whilst I recal to your remembrance what he was, and the gratitude which we owe to the memory of this worthy brother.

Descended from an ancient and illustrious house, whose heroes have often bled in their country's cause, he inherited their intrepid spirit, united with the milder virtues of humanity, and the polished manners of a gentleman. Athletic and active, he delighted in all the manly exercises ; and in all of them excelled most of his contemporaries. Ardent in his pursuits, he steadily persevered in promoting the interests of every public society, whether of business or amusement, of which he was a member, and thereby justly obtained pre-eminence in each.

Of this laudable spirit on the part of our worthy brother, no society can afford a more remarkable instance than our own. Among other marks of royal approbation conferred on his ancestors for their faithful and valuable services, they enjoyed the dignity of Grand Master-Mason, by charters of high antiquity, from the Kings of Scotland. This hereditary honor continued in the family of Roslin untill the year 1736 ; when, with a disinterestedness of which there are few examples, he made a voluntary resignation of the office into the hands of the craft in general ; by which, from being hereditary, it has ever since been elective ; and, in consequence of such a singular act of generosity it is, that, by your suffrages, I have now the honor to fill this chair. His zeal, however, to promote the welfare of our society, was not confined to this single instance ; for he continued, almost to the very close of life, on all occasions, where his influence or his example could prevail, to extend the spirit of masonry, and to increase the number of the brethren. It is therefore with justice that his name should ever be dear to the craft, and that we lament the loss of one who did such honour to our institution.

To these more conspicuous and public parts of his character, I am happy to be able to add, that he possessed in an eminent degree the virtues of a benevolent and good heart ;—virtues which ought ever to be the distinguishing marks of a true brother.

Though those ample and flourishing possessions which the house of Roslin once inherited, had, by the mutability of human things, almost totally mouldered away, so as scarcely to leave to him the vestiges of their ancient and extensive domains, yet he not only supported, with decent dignity, the appearance of a gentleman, but he extended his bounty to many ; and, as far as his fortune permitted, was ever ready to assist those who claimed the benefit of his protection. If, in the course of his transactions in business, his schemes were not always successful ;—if a sanguine temper sometimes led him too far in the pursuit of a favourite plan, whatever might be urged against his prudence, none ever suspected the rectitude of his principles ; and if at any time he was unintentionally the cause of misfortune to others, it was never without his being, at the same time, himself a sufferer.

After this brief, but I hope just and well-merited eulogium, permit me to claim your attention a little longer to a few reflections which naturally present themselves on such an occasion ; and which, therefore, I hope, will not be thought foreign to the purpose of our present meeting. I need hardly remark, that commemorations such

as this are meant not solely in honor of the dead, but chiefly of advantage to the living. Our worthy brother is now gone to that land, where, in respect of the passions and prejudices of mortals, all things are forgotten; where he is far removed from the applause or censure of the world. But whatever can tend to enhance the value of departed merit, must to an ingenuous mind, prove an incitement to the performance of praiseworthy actions; and if we make the proper use of this recent instance of mortality, our brother's death may prove of higher utility to us, than all those advantages for which in his life time we stood indebted to him.

My younger brethren will permit me to remark to them, that although this our most worshipful brother attained to that age which David has marked as the boundry of human life,\* at the same time without experiencing any great degree of that "labor and sorrow," which the royal prophet has recorded as the inseparable concomitants of so advanced a period;—although his mental faculties remained unimpaired to the last, and even his bodily strength had suffered but a slight and very late decay; we are not to look on this as a common instance, nor to expect that we shall certainly be indulged with an equal longevity; for hairs so gray as his are permitted but to a few, and few can boast of so singular an exemption from the usual uneasiness of advanced age. Let us not, therefore, vainly flatter ourselves that we have many years unexhausted, in which we shall have time sufficient for the performance of the duties peculiar to our respective stations; nor from this idea delay those tasks, which, although of infinite importance, we may be disposed to postpone a little longer, because they are not perhaps of a very pleasing nature.

If this instance of our aged brother should seem to contradict my assertion, I am able to affirm it by another recent event, which but too fully proves the justness of my observation. The hallowed earth is but newly laid over the remains of a Noble Lady,† cut off in the morning of her days. Blest with health, with youth, with beauty, riches, titles; beloved by all who knew her: yet all these "blushing honours" could avail her nothing;—they quickly vanished; and, "like the baseless fabric of a vision, left not a wreck behind." So sudden, so unexpected was her fate; so little thought she of instant dissolution, that she drew her last breath without a moment's time to say, "May heaven receive my parting spirit."—An awful warning this! May it strike such forcible conviction on

\* 78 years.

† Countess of Eglinton, aged 21 years.

our minds of the uncertainty of all sublunary things, that we may study to live with innocence like hers, lest our fate may steal upon us equally sudden and equally unlooked for !

To my brethren who, like myself, have passed the middle period of life, allow me to say, that by having already spent thirty or forty years in this world, our chance of making a much longer residence in it, is greatly diminished ; and even the longest life with which our hopes may flatter us, will shortly come to an end. When we look forward to the years yet to come, the space indeed, in fancy's eye, seems almost immeasurable ; but when we look back on the same space already past, how does it appear contracted almost to nothing. Happy if we can look back on something better than a total blank. If we can discover, on a careful and impartial review, that the general tenor of our conduct has been virtuous, our anxiety to live many more days should be less ; but if we find nothing, by which to mark our former years, but scenes of guilt or folly, the time we have yet to spend on earth may prove too short to expiate them ; and we may be called out of the world before the great business of life be finished, perhaps even before it be properly begun. It is, therefore, our indispensable duty to employ well that period which may yet be granted to us, and not to waste in idleness those precious hours that heaven has lent us for the noblest purposes ; and of which we must one day render a severe account.

My brethren who are farthest advanced in years, will not, I hope, be offended, if they are reminded of their mortality by a brother younger than themselves ; because it is by one who has but lately escaped from the gates of the grave, and exhibited, in his own person, a striking instance in how few hours the highest health and strength may be reduced to a state of the lowest debility. It has pleased heaven, however, to spare me a little longer, in order to show, perhaps, that in the hands of the Almighty alone are the issues of life and death ; and that not a single moment of our mortal existence but the present can we call our own. This uncertainty of life is, indeed, of all reflections the most obvious ; yet, though the most important, it is unhappily too often the most neglected. What a damp would come over our spirits, what agitations would be raised even in this assembly, were the book of fate to be unrolled to our view. If Providence should permit us to penetrate this moment into futurity, and to foresee the fate of ourselves and others only to the end of the present year, some of us, who, perhaps, suppose death to be at a great distance, would see him already at



the very door. Some who, in full security, are dreaming of a long course of years yet to come, would find that they have already entered on the last ; and that before it come to a close, they like our departed brother, shall be mingled with the dust. A great part of this assembly, by the course of nature, will probably survive a little longer ; but it is morally certain that some of us, before the sun has made another annual revolution, will be removed hence to that unchangeable state, where our doom will be fixed forever. And although heaven has wrapt in impenetrable darkness, who they are that shall pass through the vale of the shadow of death, during that short period, in order that we may all live in a state of habitual preparation, yet who can have the presumption to say, that he himself shall not be the first to visit "that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns."

How careful, therefore, ought we to be not to disappoint the wise design of this mysterious secrecy, nor pervert what is meant to keep us perpetually on our guard into a source of fatal security ; for the day will most assuredly come, (whether sooner or later is of little importance to us) when we likewise shall be numbered with those that have been. May we all endeavor, therefore, so to live daily, as we shall fervently wish we had lived when that awful moment overtakes us in which our souls shall be required of us. May we study to act in such a manner, that our practice may prove the best comment on the principles of our craft ; and thereby teach the world that charity and brotherly love, integrity of heart, and purity of manners, are not less the distinguishing characteristics of masonry than of religion. Then may we piously hope, that when a period even still more awful than the hour of dissolution shall arrive, when the last trump shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, when our scattered atoms shall be collected, and we shall all appear in the presence of the Lord God Omnipotent, "the high and lofty One who inhabiteth eternity," that our transgressions will be mercifully forgiven, and that the Grand Architect of the Universe will be graciously pleased to give us rest from all our labors, by admission into the celestial fraternity of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect.

To Him be glory, honor and praise, forever and ever. Amen.

After the above was delivered, the Resurrection hymn and several other select peices of sacred poetry were sung by the brethren. The whole was conducted with a degree of solemnity and propriety suitable to the nature of their meeting. The following beautiful

lines, composed for the occasion, were sung to the tune of *Roslin Castle*.

Frail man! how like the meteor's blaze  
How evanescent are thy days ;  
Protracted is its longest date,  
How short the time indulg'd by fate.  
No force death's potent arm can brave ;  
Nor wisdom's self elude the grave:  
Where'er our various journies tend,  
To this we soon or late descend.  
Thither from mortal eyes retir'd,  
Though oft beheld and still admir'd,  
St. Clair to dust its claims resigns,  
And in sublimer regions shines.  
Let us, whom ties fraternal bind,  
Beyond the rest of human kind,  
Like St. Clair live, like St. Clair die,  
Then join th' Eternal Lodge on high.

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### THE ARTS.

From the Bunker Hill Aurora.

The works of Art are numerous and splendid as "Joseph's coat of many colors," and the works of invention are manifold as the radii of light, or the amalgamating globules of the elements.

Look abroad and witness the spacious and extensive bridges, canals, railways and turnpikes, struggling into freedom—steam operating through all kinds of machinery, in the varying power of hemispheres ; all handicrafts diversified from pyramidal magnitudes, to the finest lines of vision ; stone, brick and wood masonically combining in huge works of strength and durability and structures of every beautiful description ; the mechanic arts advancing through all the avenues of improvement and grades of excellence ; the soil teeming with richest displays of taste and industry ; the waters covered with innumerable buoyant forms, interchainning the sympathies and interests of an active world! Such are the grand results of *inventive* energy and social arts, while literature and science are on the alert through all ranks and conditions of practical experiment, "taking account of stock"—adjusting the trial balance of estimates and receipts—debts and credits—and consolidating their immense revenues—to transmit them on—as an invaluable inheritance, to successive generations.

## STANZA,

*On hearing the Church Bells chime for Evening Lecture.*

[For the Amaranth.

Hark! the church bells! that solemn chime;  
 How rapturous is its spell!  
 It wakes the thoughts of former time,  
 And fills the soul with hope sublime,  
 To hear its peaceful swell.

It brings to memory days gone by,  
 Swells retrospection's tear;  
 It bids us mark how moments fly,  
 And rears our thoughts to regions high,  
 From this vain world of fear.

Maiden and youth assemble there,  
 To hear the hallowed sound;  
 And join their hearts in solemn prayer,  
 While music floats on evening air,  
 And all is peace around.

There consolation fills the breast,  
 And hope serene is given;  
 There ev'ry fear is lull'd to rest,  
 And ev'ry heart, by sorrow prest,  
 Is sooth'd with tho'ts of heaven.

S. A. T.

## MRS. ROYAL'S VIEWS OF FREEMASONRY, &amp;c.

From the second volume of the "*Black Book*," we extract the following paragraphs. They contain much truth; and though from the pen of a lady on whom a few senseless scribblers have long endeavoured to fix the appellation of insanity, they would not discredit the discernment nor reasoning faculties of many who claim, over her, an intellectual superiority. They exhibit a liberality of sentiment worthy of commendation.

"Apropos, speaking of masons, my opinion has often been asked of the Morgan affair. Since the public has pleased to honor me so far, I say, that I believe the Morgan affair is a vile speculation to make money, and not only to make money, but further, designed as a political engine. The story, like Juggernaut, operates upon the weak and ignorant; and the crafty and designing use it to their advantage. If Morgan was murdered, what of it? How many men are murdered daily without ascertaining by whom! You cannot open a newspaper but you find a

late murder. If the same fuss were made about every man murdered, of which no account could be given, it would exclude every thing from the papers; the presses would fail. Why is Morgan, if he be murdered, more than any other man? If he be murdered, it was a wicked deed; and why not hang the murderer, if he can be found, and say no more about it than other murders? But, say they, Morgan was *certainly* murdered; but we cannot find his body, or the murderer; nor can we obtain positive proof who was the murderer. Then how can you say he was certainly murdered? The face of the thing proves its absurdity. Will any sober man say that, taking into view the number engaged in this farce, bitter and enraged as they pretend to be, with every civil officer in the United States, at their service, if they thought proper to call on them, they could not in all this time detect the murderer? But there were more than one murderer—then it is the easier detected. If the murderers cannot be found, look for them still; if he or they cannot be found, it proves either that there is none to find, or that you have not done your duty in searching for him. This Morgan story is precisely like the witches of Salem; and nothing keeps these fanatics from cutting the throats of every mason in New-York, but the laws; it is not their goodness keeps them from it. This Morgan plan is a match for the \* \* \* scheme to raise money; and like them, they are now aiming at power. But the masons—they are heretics too. Was not General Washington a good man? he was a mason—was not General Lafayette a good man? he was a mason—was not Doctor Franklin a good man? he was a mason—was not De Witt Clinton a good man? he was a mason. These are enough. Now all these are not only the best, but the greatest men in the world.

“These silly men might as well attempt to pluck the sun and moon out of the heavens, as to destroy masonry, as old as the deluge. And, to give my opinion of it in few words, if it were not for masonry, the world would become a herd of savages; and more, if it had not *been* for masonry, it never would have been any thing else but savages.\* Like the fire on the altar, they are the only class of men that have preserved charity and benevolence alive, that sacred spark which came down from heaven, has been preserved by masons. What more it consists of I know not, (for I have never looked in Morgan) this was enough, and more than any other human institution can boast. Masonry can boast of the best men, and best christians, since the world began. My husband, well known to have been one of the most respectable men, and descended from one of the most respectable families in America, uniformly told me it was the greatest institution in the world, and that if I ever should happen to be in distress, to call on them. This I have found to be true; when christians, so called, the godly missionaries, shut their doors on me, the masons opened their’s.”

\* We cannot easily digest this nor all of what follows. The good lady has, as they say at the west, gone “the whole.”



[For the Amaranth.

**THE RESTORATION OF THE JEWS.**

O when shall the exiles of Israel assemble  
To worship the God of their fathers again,  
And build up the walls of their city and temple  
Which so many ages in ruins have lain?  
O when shall they come from each far distant nation,  
Present to Jehovah a precious oblation,  
And strike to their harps, with devout adoration,  
"The Shiloh of Israel forever shall reign."

Ye princes of Judah gird on your bright armour;  
The pillar of cloud will protect you by day,  
The Pillar of fire will by night be your banner,  
The glorious Shechinah will point out your way.  
The Rock will supply you with water still flowing,  
The heavens, for food, the rich manna bestowing,  
The leaves on the trees, as a Medicine growing,  
For healing the nations, will never decay.

Go publish to Israel the King's proclamation,  
And bid them prepare to return to their land,  
And hail the glad tidings of their restoration;  
The day of their Jubilee now is at hand.  
The long desolations of Zion are ended,  
And Peace and good will to her daughters extended,  
Her sons, from the arms of her foes are defended,  
The Word of the Lord for her bulwark shall stand.

But when we shall make to them this declaration,  
"The God of your fathers hath sent us to you,"  
His name they demand as a sure confirmation,  
O what shall we tell the inquiring Jew?  
"I am that I am," his memorial forever,  
"I am hath sent us unto you to deliver"  
From slavery and bondage, your fetters to sever,  
And bid you arise and your journey pursue.

What though you're surrounded by foes without number,  
With horses and chariots, array'd in a band,  
Remember the vengeance of God will not slumber,  
But he will deliver you out of their hand.  
A voice from the city, like sounding of thunder,

A voice from the temple, shall fill them with wonder,  
 A voice of the Lord, shall divide them asunder  
 While on the fair mountain of Olives he'll stand.

The earth and the ocean before him shall tremble,  
 The mountains and vallies astonish'd retire,  
 And now the loud trumpet shall sound, to assemble  
 Your legions in triumph, 'midst tempest and fire.  
 Then peace to the world shall flow forth like a river;  
 The Lion of Judah from death shall deliver,  
 And God be thy glory forever and ever,  
 Though earth shall dissolve and all nature expire.  
*Dedham, Dec. 10, 1828.*

T.

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#### EMINENT MASONS.

15.] LORD CARYSFORT—accepted the office of Grand Master, on the 20th of March 1752. He was a zealous mason, and devoted himself assiduously to the real interests of the fraternity. No grand officer ever took more pains to preserve, or was more attentive to recommend order and decorum. He was ready, on all occasions, to visit the lodges in person, and to promote harmony among the members. Dr. Sanningham, his Deputy, was equally vigilant in the discharge of his duty. As a natural consequence, Masonry in England, during this presidency, was prosperous and flourishing.—Patents were issued for Gibraltar, the Bahama Islands, New-York, Guernsey, Jersey, Alderney, Sark, Mann, &c. &c.

16.] THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND—was elected Grand Master on the 1st of May 1782. He appointed the earl of Effingham acting Grand Master. Nothing of importance transpired during the first year of this presidency, except the adoption of some salutary regulations, for the more strict and better government of the society; and the adoption of a measure, which some have not hesitated to declare to be in violation of the ancient customs of the institution; but with what propriety it is not necessary for us to enquire. The duke continued in office until his death in September 1790; and, take his administration, as a whole, it was one of the most prosperous on record.

Under this presidency, the Duke of Clarence—William Henry—was initiated at Plymouth, on the 9th of March 1786. On the 6th

February 1787, his royal highness the Prince of Wales, was made a mason. On Friday, the 21st November following, the duke of York received the degrees ;—he was introduced by his brother, the present King of England. On the 10th February 1790, notice was given to the Grand Lodge, that his royal highness, Prince Edward, while on his travels, had been initiated at Geneva. About the same time, Prince Augustus Frederick was made a mason at Berlin. The honor conferred on the fraternity by these initiations, was duly appreciated and acknowledged by the Grand Lodge.

We give the new regulations referred to at the commencement of this sketch. They were adopted on the 8th Jan. 1783.

1. That no brother initiated since Oct. 29, 1768, shall be appointed to the honor of wearing a blue or red apron, unless the Grand Secretary certifies that his name has been registered, and the fees paid.

2. That no brother initiated since that time, shall be appointed Master, or Warden, of any lodge, or to be permitted to attend any committee of charity or Grand Lodge, unless his name has been registered, and the fees paid.

3. That every petitioner for charity, initiated since that time, shall set forth in his petition, the lodge in which, and the time when he was made a mason ; in order that the Grand Secretary may certify, by endorsement on the back of the petition, whether his name has been registered, and the fees paid.

4. That every lodge shall transmit to the Grand Secretary, on or before the grand feast in every year, a list of all persons initiated, or members admitted, together with the registering fees ; or notice that they have not initiated or admitted any ; that their silence may not be imputed to contempt.

5. That to prevent the plea of ignorance or forgetfulness, a blank form shall be printed, and sent to each lodge, to be filled up and returned to the Grand Secretary.

6. That the Grand Secretary shall lay before the first quarterly communication after each grand feast, an account of such lodges as have not registered their members within the preceding year, that they may be erased from the list of lodges, or be otherwise dealt with as the Grand Lodge may think expedient.

7. That to prevent any injury to individuals, by being excluded from the privileges of the Society, through the neglect of their lodges, in their names not having been duly registered, any brethren, on producing sufficient proofs that they have paid the due registering fees to their lodges, shall be capable of enjoying all the priv-

ileges of the society ; but the offending lodges shall be rigorously proceeded against, for detaining fees that are the property of the society.

On the 20th of March 1788, an additional regulation was made, "That ten shillings and six pence be paid to the Grand Lodge for registering the name of every Mason initiated in any lodge under the constitution after the 5th of May, 1788." And at this meeting another resolution passed, That no lodge shall be permitted to attend or vote in Grand Lodge, which had not complied with this resolution.

17.] LORD DARNLEY—was elected Grand Master, and installed, on the 28th April 1737, in the presence of the duke of Richmond, the earls of Crawford and Wemys, lord Gray, and many other respectable brethren. The most remarkable event of his lordship's administration, was the initiation of the father of George III. This was done at a special lodge held at the palace of Kew, over which Dr. Desaguliers presided. Lord Baltimore, and several other distinguished characters, were present. There cannot be better proof of the flourishing condition of the institution at this time, than is furnished by the fact that, upwards of sixty lodges were represented at every communication of the Grand Lodge, during lord Darnley's administration. More provincial patents were issued by him, than by any of his predecessors. Deputations were granted for Montserrat, Geneva, the Circle of Upper Saxony, the Coast of Africa, New-York, and the Islands of America.

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#### THE VIGIL OF ST. JOHN.

It is a custom in Germany, on the Vigil of St. John the Baptist, (24th June) for girls to pluck a sprig of St. John's wort (*Hypericum*) and stick it in the wall of her chamber. Should it retain its freshness and verdure, she is sure of a suitor—but should it droop, she believes she is also destined to pine and wither away.

"The young maid stole through the cottage door,  
And blushed as she caught the plant of power;  
'Thou silver glow-worm, O lend me thy light!  
I must gather the mystic St. John's wort to night,  
The wonderful herb whose leaf will decide  
If the coming year will make me a bride."

"And the glow-worm came  
With its silvery flame,



On the night of St. John.  
 And soon as the maiden her love-knot tied,  
     With noiseless tread  
     To her chamber she sped,  
 Where the spectral moon her white beams shed.

“Bloom here—bloom here, thou plant of power,  
 To deck the young bride in her bridal hour.”  
 But it droop’d its head, that plant of power,  
 And died the mute death of the voiceless flower;  
 And a withered wreath on the ground it lay,  
 More meet for a burial than bridal day;  
 And when the full year had flitten away,  
 All pale on her bier the young maiden lay!

    “ And the glow-worm came  
     With its silvery flame,  
     And sparkled and shone  
     Through the night of St. John,  
 And they closed the cold grave o’er the maid’s cold clay.”

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### PRAYER,

Delivered by Rev. Benjamin Kurtz, at the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the Masonic Hall, in Hager’s-Town, Md.

“Father of Light, of Life, and of Love ! Thou supremely great and glorious Architect of the boundless universe ! Infinitely high and most holy God !—We, who are the workmanship of thy hands, take upon us to lift up our hearts to thee, in prayer, and to call upon thy sacred name. Assist us, O most merciful God, assist us by thy Spirit in our access to thy throne of grace. Teach us to approach thee as becomes creatures, and do thou draw nigh to us as a God of compassion. Thou art the great Master-builder of the Heavens and the Earth, and of all things therein ; thy name alone is JEHOVAH the Most High, and there is no god like unto thee. In and through Christ, our great Master alone, we are brought nigh to thee, and made thy servants and children ; by his incarnation and atonement, thou hast become our God, our almighty Friend and reconciled Father. Thou, O Lord, art in Heaven, but we on the earth ; thou art from everlasting to everlasting, without beginning of days or end of years ; but our being is but of yesterday, and our foundation in the dust. \* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* We entreat thee to bestow upon us, such

temporal conveniences, refreshments and comforts, and such only, as will be consistent with thine own glory, and the design of thy grace. Let our health, our strength, and our peace be maintained, and let *holiness to the Lord* be inscribed upon them. Heal our diseases, and finally save us with an everlasting salvation, that our souls may ever bless thee.

O most merciful God, the Parent of men and angels, and the bountiful benefactor of all thy creatures ! Thou has commanded us to offer up prayers and intercessions for all men. As Zion lies near to thy heart, and her name is written upon the palms of the hands of our Saviour, and as we would at all times entertain the tenderest concern for her welfare, we most earnestly entreat thee, abundantly to bless her, and greatly to extend her borders. O Jesus Jehovah ! deliver thy church from the power of persecuting enemies ; restrain the wrath of man, and suffer not the wicked to triumph over the righteous. Ascend the everlasting chariot of thy gospel, and ride forth in all the strength and lustre of thy transcendent majesty, conquering and to conquer, until every knee shall bow before thee, and every tongue confess that thou art the Lord to the glory of God the Father. Bless the nation to which we belong, that liberty, peace, and vital godliness may be more and more established, and flourish among us ; and make us a people whom thou wilt delight to bless. We pray for the President of this highly favored land, for the Governors of the several states, and especially for him who is invested with gubernatorial dignity in this state ; and for all who rule over us in places of supreme or subordinate authority ; that wisdom and faithfulness may be conferred upon them from Heaven, to manage those affairs God has entrusted them with on earth. We implore thy blessing upon all religious and benevolent institutions. Look down with complacency upon Bible societies, Sunday schools, and all other christian associations. Smile upon missionary exertions, and give abundant success to all the labors of piety and love. Bless all seats of learning and nurseries of literature, especially those in our beloved country. Let them flourish and be made eminently useful in irradiating human intellect, and diffusing the healthful influence of sanctified intelligence throughout our land. We would particularly beseech thee to look down with favor upon that ancient and respectable order of men, styled FREE MASONS. Let thy choicest mercies descend in rich profusion upon the Fraternity at large. May thy divine love shed its ennobling and heavenly rays in such exuberant streams upon all their *rulers* and *officers*, that they, like so many burning and shining luminaries in a pure unclouded

sky, may reflect it back upon each other, mingling flame with flame, and blaze with blaze. Let those inimically disposed towards the Brotherhood, have no just grounds to accuse them of irreligion, or a want of reverence for the ordinances of Christianity. May they promote virtue, discourage vice in all its devious characters, and be signalized only by superior love to Christ, their *Great Master*, as well as to their brethren generally, and by pre-eminent sanctity of manners. May they be so strongly supported, so firmly united, and so nobly adorned by WISDOM, STRENGTH and BEAUTY : that *Wisdom* which is the fear of God and practice of righteousness ; that *Strength* which is love, the cement of souls and bond of perfectness ; and that *Beauty* which is inward holiness and entire freedom from the turbulence of passion ; that they may be like unto a building, founded on adamant and everlasting pillars ; fair to the sight and never to be shaken. May their labors of charity, their laudable exertions to promote pure and undefiled virtue, and their christian efforts to alleviate human misery, and advance the comfort and well-being of their fellow-mortals, be constantly accompanied by the divine blessing, and ultimately meet with an abundant reward in the eternal world. And as they possess those additional motives and incentives to moral rectitude, which flow from their peculiar institutions, may they be shining patterns and resplendent models of that genuine and evangelical love, and charity, and wisdom, beauty and harmony, which form the chief foundation-stone in their mystic fabric. We humbly pray thee to look down propitiously upon this numerous assembly of the brethren, convened in thy courts at this time for the purpose of public worship. May their hearts be the *Grand Lodge* of the Holy Ghost, squared by the rules of Spiritual Wisdom and Equity, and mensurated by the best compass of sanctified knowledge, taking as a model not only the labors of *Solomon*, but one greater than Solomon, even the mighty Architect of the stupendously and gloriously mysterious *structure* of Redemption. May they always meet on the level, act on the square, distribute their time agreeably to the requisitions of the gauge, and be distinguished only by their different skill in their craft, and a zealous desire, both in the Lodge and out of the same, to promote all that is praiseworthy among the brethren, and tends to enlighten and bless mankind ; always remembering that the fruits of charity are the signs and passwords by which they must be tested on their journey from the west to the east in search of light ; and by which they must, if at all, be admitted into the *Grand Lodge* beyond the

golden meteors of the firmament. Deeply and indelibly fixed on their minds be that solemn truth, that speculative *Masonry* must be perfected and sublimated by operative *Masonry* and Vital Practice, in order that they may walk worthy of their vocation as *men* and as *christians*, and study to acquit themselves like faithful workmen, who need not be ashamed. And now, O Lord, we earnestly implore thy blessing upon Mount Moriah Lodge. May it be a truly spiritual Lodge, and all its members, living stones, hewn out of the Rock of ages, blest with a teachable disposition and a spirit of love, and adorned with *Jewels* of *inextinguishable* value. In all their meetings and communications, may they constantly recollect that as brethren, they are bound to keep within the compass of mutual good will, and to *square* their conduct by the *golden square* of their Grand Spiritual Master, of doing as they would be done by. May that *Book of Books*, which was this day with much respect borne before them, as the sign and evidence of their profession, be their charter of rules rights; and may its divine precepts, as pressed upon them by their Master Christ, never be knowingly violated. May their contemplated edifice, the foundation stone of which they this day laid, be speedily finished, and when finished, we pray that thou wouldst take it under thy guardian care, and preserve it from sustaining any violent injury, by fire or any other cause. May the craftsmen to be employed in building it, enjoy thy protection, in order that no wounds or deaths may be occasioned by its erection. And when those for whose use it is to be reared, shall hereafter hold their sessions in it, may they constantly bear in mind, that thou art an omnipresent and omniscient God, that all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him, with whom they have to do; and that they shall have to render a strict account hereafter to the just and impartial Sovereign of the Universe. And when the *evanescent order* of this terrestrial fabric shall have passed away, and be absorbed and consummated in the *endless order* of the infinitude of eternity:—When the great ruler of all things shall come again in all his peerless and glorious majesty, to reward his faithful *workmen* and *servants*, may we all obtain a rich and abundant entrance into that Celestial Lodge, reared by the inimitable Architect himself, where all his children enjoy wisdom, knowledge and happiness, blessed for ever more. \* \* \* \* Amen! so may it be.



## MASONIC LECTURES.---NO. IV.

In our last, we spoke of the rites and ceremonies of the ancients ; endeavoured to delineate some of the leading traits in the character of the Assideans, of the Essenes, of the festival in honor of Ceres, and referred to the great festival in honor of Jupiter Eleutherius. We likewise promised a continuation of the subject. While preparing that number, we came to the conclusion that an analysis of all the ancient mystic institutions would be of service to ourselves and to our readers generally ; but on further reflection, we are satisfied that such a course would only encumber our pages without affording any important advantage to either: we have, therefore, determined to refer to none except those which stand most conspicuous in the catalogue, and have, or are presumed to have, a direct or indirect connexion with the early history of the Order.

In Balsara, and along the banks of the Jordan, a sect of christians are known, who call themselves *Christians of St. John*. Some writers on Masonry have thought them to be in possession of the mysteries of the fraternity ; but as they profess no knowledge of the union of the third person in the Trinity, Hutchinson says he is induced to believe no part of our profession was derived from them. How far this conclusion is warranted by the fact stated, we must leave to the decision of the reader. Their ceremonies and mysteries are founded on traditions, and they permit no canonical book to be received amongst them.

Among the Jews were a set of men who were called *Masorites*: In Godwyn's Moses and Aaron we have the following account of them, "their name was derived from *masor*, (we have not the Greek letters,) signifying *tradere*, to deliver, and *mosor*, a tradition, delivered from hand to hand to posterity without writing, as the Pythagorians and Druids were wont to do."

The *Gnostics* were a sect of christians having particular tenets of faith ;—they assumed their name to express that new knowledge and extraordinary light to which they made pretensions ; the word gnostic implying an enlightened person. "The gnostic hierarchy here pointed out, represents to us the degrees of etherial persons or emanations of the Deity. This leads me to consider the hierarchy of the christian church in its greatest antiquity, which in the most remote times, as a society, consisted of several orders of men, viz. Rulers, Believers, and Catechumens : the rulers were bishops, priests and deacons ; the believers were perfect christians, and the catechumens imperfect.

Catechumens were candidates for baptism. They were admitted to the state of catechumen by the imposition of hands, and the sign of the cross. Their introduction to baptism was thus singular :—Some days before their admission, they went veiled ; and it was customary to touch their ears, saying, *be opened* ; and also to anoint their eyes with clay : both ceremonies being in imitation of our Saviour's practice, and intended to shadow out to the candidates their ignorance and blindness before their initiation. They continued in the state of catechumen, until they proved their proficiency in the catechetic exercises, when they were advanced to the second state as believers."—Hutchinson.

Of the Pythagorians and the Druids, we may take opportunity to speak hereafter. There were among the ancients, several other secret associations of considerable note, but neither their rites nor ceremonies appear to bear any very strong analogy to those of the Masonic Institution: we have thought it, therefore, not worth while to refer to them more particularly.

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*From the Ladies' Magazine.*

THE name of N. H Carter, is well known and respected in the world of letters. The following hymn from his pen, written many years since to a friend in this city, it is believed has never been published. The approaching season must render the sentiments it contains, appropriate to the feelings of all christians, and we think our readers will be highly gratified, as we have been, with the perusal of the

#### HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS.

In hymns of praise, eternal God!

When thy creating hand

Stretch'd the blue arch of heaven abroad,

And meted sea and land,

The morning stars together sung,

And shouts of joy from angels rung.

Than Earth's prime hour, more joyous far

Was the eventful morn,

When the bright beam of Bethlehem's star

Announc'd a *Saviour* born !

Then sweeter strains from heaven began—

"Glory to God—good will to man."

Babe of the manger ! can it be ?—

Art thou the Son of God ?

Shall subject nations bow the knee,  
And kings obey thy nod?  
Shall thrones and monarchs prostrate fall  
Before the tenant of a stall?

'Tis He! the hymning seraphs cry,  
While hov'ring, drawn to earth;  
'Tis He! the shepherds' songs reply,  
Hail! hail Emmanuel's birth!  
The rod of peace those hands shall bear,  
That brow a crown of glory wear!

'Tis He! the eastern sages sing,  
And spread their golden hoard;  
'Tis He! the hills of Sion ring,  
Hosanna to the Lord!  
The Prince of long prophetic years  
To day in Bethlehem appears!

He comes!—the Conqueror's march begins,  
No blood his banner stains;  
He comes to save the world from sins,  
And break the captive's chains!  
The poor, the sick, and blind shall bless  
The Prince of Peace and Righteousness.

Though now in swaddling-clothes He lies,  
All hearts his power shall own,  
When he, with legions of the skies,  
The clouds of heaven his throne,  
Shall come to judge the quick and dead,  
And strike a trembling world with dread.



### THOU DYING YEAR, FAREWELL!

FAREWELL, thy destiny is done,  
Thy ebbing sands we tell,  
Blended and set with centuries gone—  
Thou dying year, farewell!

Gifts from thy hand—spring's joyous leaves,  
And summer's breathing flowers,  
Autumn's bright fruit and bursting sheaves,  
These blessings have been ours.

They pass with thee, and now they seem  
Like gifts from fairy spell,  
Or like some sweet remembered dream—

We bid those gifts farewell!

Though frail the fair, rich things of earth,  
Must *mind's* bright hopes be frail?  
And those pure thoughts that owed their birth  
To thee—thus with thee fail?

Not if the soul but gird her might,  
Her treasures guard with care,—  
The storm-swell'd stream that sweeps the height,  
But lays the rich mine bare,

The high resolve, the holy fear,  
Waked by thy passing knell,  
O, take not these, thou dying year!  
We bid not *these* farewell!

CORNELIA.

DEFENCE OF MASONRY.—From the introduction to Col. Knapp's "Defence of the Order," we extract the following correct and sensible remarks; and we hope they will have the effect to destroy the futile and senseless apprehensions which some of our brethren seem to have imbibed. To say that the serious charges preferred against the institution by the thinking and intelligent of community, should not be met and refuted, is the height of absurdity:—to let them pass unnoticed, is tacitly acknowledging their truth and justness. It is folly to notice the scandal of such men as Miller, Southwick and Weed, but there are other and better men opposed to us, and they should and must be met. The most ridiculous absurdity will gain universal credence in society, by frequent repetition, if suffered to pass unreplyed to. It has become necessary that Masons should now stand forth in their own vindication. It may be said that the Institution is safely guarded—that it is not in the power of man to overthrow it—that lodges meet as formerly, and are unusually flourishing. All this is true; but its reputation is unrighteously assailed, and there is danger of an impression being made on the public mind highly prejudicial to its members. We repeat, therefore, that the time is come when it is necessary that Masons should stand forth in their own defence.—*Ed.*

"In this excitement about masonry, many of my brethren are disposed to recommend a profound silence and a perfect quietude, while the waves dash over us, in hopes that a calm will soon succeed. This would be well, if only the fanatical were excited; but the enlightened who are not masons, are awake to inquiry, and they ought to be answered. The *lukewarm* say, be still, from an indifference to the subject; but from those, who would take advice? The timid



cry beware, for they fear that too much of masonic secrecy may be discovered to the eyes and ears of the uninitiated. These should not be regarded; but to ease them of their fears, we would tell them that the lawyers of a former age were in distress at the appearance of Blackstone's Commentaries, thinking that every man could understand the law, and their business would be at an end. Has it been so? The independent, in absolute fearlessness of consequences say, let the enemies of masonry go on, they can do us no lasting injury; and perhaps some of the *very judicious* may think the anti-masonic spirit is transitory and harmless; in this they are deceived. The enemies of masonry are rapidly gaining ground, from the listlessness of our order; not from the force of their arguments; but from the constant repetitions of falsehoods, which if doubted at first are afterwards believed, because they are not contradicted. I repeat it, that if we only had to contend with frenzied opponents, silence might be wisdom; but the *cool*, the *thinking*, the *intelligent*, are seeking to be instructed, and are constantly making these inquiries of us; "can we put a few plain questions to you of the masonic family, without being parried off with some technical or mystical answer? If so, then are the principles you profess capable of a full defence; and if they be, why do you not make it?" My plain answer has been, now is, and ever shall be, yes, you may put your questions, and they shall be honestly replied to. Masonry is susceptible of a full defence, and the defence should be made privately and publicly, for the double purpose of satisfying *you*, and for vindicating *ourselves*. There is another class of half-believing, half-doubting, *candid sort of folks*, who think that *black is not so very black, nor white so very white*, who say, wont you stop until *this* or *that* matter is decided, perhaps it may be better, all things considered. This is the constant din about the ears of every one who ventures on any thing new or not sustained by precedents. They add, this is an evil hour for masonry; many wise men, they say, ponder upon it. Has not every thing in this world had its evil hours? Has not all that is great and good been proscribed? *Letters, science, religion, liberty*, have had their days of proscription, and their *lukewarm, timid, doubting friends*. The lamp of science, instead of being placed on the altar a country's glory, has in the past, gleamed for ages in the recesses of a monastery; and our holy religion, when it was professed with the utmost severity and fanaticism, was almost entirely destitute of morality and its train of virtues; and this was at the very time too, when crusades were undertaken against the heathen to rescue the holy land from the profanation of the *Saracens*, and infidels, and also, to conquer and convert these benighted

wretches ; by whom, in the end, we were taught the high and stern virtues of morality, as well as the sciences, the arts, and letters, known to them. It was then unsafe for the few holy men to preach morality : liberty, too, has seen many evil hours and had her awful struggles. These she had even in the land of her birth and of her adoption ; when driven from Greece to Italy she lingered long among the palaces of the mighty ; but taking her flight from hill top to mountain, she at length found an asylum on our shores ; and even here, she is often abused and trodden down by those who profess to be her friends, and when she arises is found to have lost something of her purity and beauty. If learning, religion and liberty have been assailed, can masonry expect to pass on without her troubles also ? Has not every effort been made to preserve these blessings to mankind, and in the best form ?

And shall masons yield all they love without a struggle ? Every precedent is against it : the persevering zeal of the school man, the suffering of the saint ;—the deeds of the patriarch, bear witness that they spared no pains and shrunk from no danger in support of their cause, and shall masons be the first body to part with the blessings they enjoy, without offering a few reasons, against the injustice of being so ill-treated, and the wickedness of the invasion made on them ? Thank heaven they are good, sound, authoritative precedents for *our guides*. When the old and new testaments were attacked, and revelation derided from the wayward disposition of men and from the breaking up of the great deeps of the moral world, Watson came out with his "*Apology for the Bible*," and this was done contrary to the advice of some of his best friends. It has been said that a majority of the bench of Bishops thought it was hazard-ing much to meet sturdy infidelity on the ground of reason in matters of faith.—This was however done, and successfully too, by Watson and others. The mists of infidelity were blown away and all was pure and serene again. If the chronicles of Israel, the wisdom of Solomon ; the psalms of David, and the inspirations of Isaiah, with the new and glorious dispensation of the gospel, required an apt appeal to reason and argument for a defence, surely masonry need not be backward in making use of the treasures of history, the help of the advocate, and the decisions of common sense to place the question of her *honesty, utility and importance* in a correct light before a candid and discriminating public."

We have not had an opportunity to examine fully the contents of the work from which the above extract is made. It consists of *three lectures*, making about 100 pages 12vo. In our next we shall probably speak of it.

## THE REJECTED KNIGHT.

“ And the Knight pass’d on to the holy land,  
For what was his home to him,  
With a drooping plume and a banner soil’d  
And his heart and his eye were dim ;  
But the spirit that bade him bear the scorn,  
That fell as a warrior’s stroke,  
Was ling’ring still like a slow dying flame,  
Tho’ his heart and his strength were broke.

And oh ! he pass’d on o’er many deep seas,  
And many tall beautiful lands,  
’Till his proud ship slept on Galilee’s waves,  
And his steed press’d Galilee’s sands ;  
O’er many deep seas and beautiful lands,  
In his sorrow that Knight had past,  
’Till with paleness of brow and sadness of heart,  
He stood ’mid his compeers at last.

And the battle burst out in its pride and might,  
And its firmness was fearful to see,  
And the waving of plumes to and fro was dark,  
As the rage of the storm-troubled sea ;  
’Till the sun went down in that Syrian sky,  
And the groves of olive and palm,  
Slept in the dews of the twilight heaven,  
And the breath of their sleep was like balm.

But there as they lay, nor chieftain nor steed,  
Drank in those breezes so blest,  
And the dark blue waves spread sorrowful there,  
Tho’ the moonlight was on their breast ;  
For that ship had fled the unholy shore,  
Deep laden with tidings of grief,  
And red in his gore laid the riderless steed,  
And near him his motionless chief.

And those tidings were rung in marble halls,  
And they hush’d the laugh of the gay,  
And the wine-cup stood, and the harp unswept,  
And the gladness of looks past away !  
And then there came shrieks—and they gather’d round—  
But cold was the form they upbore ;  
And oh ! it was her’s for whose well-feign’d scorn,  
That sand was red on the Syrian shore.”

DELTA.

## MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

PAWTUCKET CHAPTER.—On Wednesday the 3d inst. the Pawtucket Royal Arch Chapter and Union Lodge made their annual choice of officers for the ensuing year, and never since its establishment, says the Providence Cadet, has there been displayed a more active spirit in masonic concerns. The largest concourse of brethren ever convened there on a similar occasion, were gathered together; showing that the opposition to the cause of Speculative Free-Masonry, had not detracted one jot nor one tittle from the feelings of good-will which have long bound them in the fraternal bonds of brotherhood, but on the contrary, had elicited more zeal, and a determination to prove to the world that the scandal with which they have been clouded is not founded in truth, or persevered in for the public good.

After the election of officers, the brethren proceeded to the hotel of Mr. Edwards, where more than one hundred Masons sat down to a repast, prepared in style never excelled there. At the supper-table was shown that spirit of brotherly love and good order, which ever marks the conduct of the Chapter, and has keyed the Royal Arch so firmly as to defy the strongest efforts of its enemies to remove a single stone, or mar the beauty and regularity of its structure.—There was no act that the most fastidious could condemn—no loop on which to hang an objection to their proceedings—but all passed off with the utmost regularity and harmony.

On the removal of the cloth, a number of appropriate toasts were drank, and among them the following :

By the Rev. Br. Taft. *Religion and Masonry*—"What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

By Rev. Br. Frieze. *Anti-Masonry vs. Masonry*—or, Darkness vs. Light.

By Rev. Br. Pickering. Companions and Brethren—I give you the great principle on which Free-Masonry is founded—a principle as imperishable, yea, more imperishable than the pillars of time—a principle which shall live and flourish in eternity—*Active Charity*.

The following officers were chosen to preside in the Chapter for the ensuing year :—M. E. Abner S. Tompkins, H. P. ; E. Lyman Claffin, K. ; William Field, S. ; Com's. John Burbank, C. H. ; Alanson Thayer, P. S. ; John B. Read, R. A. C. ; Arnold Peters, Israel A. Lee, Charles C. Harrington, M. of Vs. ; Alvin O. Read, Sec'y. ; Uriah Benedict, Treasurer ; James Barrows, S. and T.